

“The Hampshire education is designed to challenge advanced students to transfer within two semesters of graduating.”

— NELSON MANDELA, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF STUFF

“Hampshire gives students the chance to spend four years of their lives rearranging their prejudices and calling it ‘learning’. That’s rare in this life.”

— EMO PHILIPS, DEAN OF SOCIAL SCIENCES

“No tests, no grades, no service. Buy something or get the hell out.”

— RYAN MOORE, STUDENT/PROFESSOR OF HOT SHIT MAKIN’ YA BOUNCE

“Get off my lawn,
you fucking hippies.”

— GREGORY R. PRINCE, NORTHAMPTON GUTTERPUNK

The Omen Course Catalog April 2001

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THE OFFICIAL OMEN FAIRIES

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

<http://omen.hampshire.edu>

COVER BY LAYOUT STAFF

to submit

Submissions are due Thursdays before midnight. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

THEY'RE JUST LIKE POKEMON, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PLUS ONE APOCRYPHAL

- MICHAEL ZOLE, ON PSALMS.

FROM THE EDITOR



BY ANDREW RUMBLE

I once saw this skit on "The Kids in the Hall." It was called, "Hitler F#%& a Donkey."

It went something like this: the scene fades up to reveal a large farmer and his son, both in overalls, staring off towards the camera. The sound of a donkey bleating can be heard, and the farmer and his son seem mystified. After a second or two, the young boy raises his head and says, "Daddy, who's that man?"

The farmer looks down at his son, and says, "That's Hitler, son." The boy then retorts, "And what's he doing to my donkey?" The father chuckles and says, "Son, Hitler is f#%&ing your donkey." And the scene fades to black. Only about 30 seconds long.

Talking to a good friend last night, we realized that there is a very extreme difference between tragedy and comedy, although they seem to get confused sometimes. Just remember, tragedy happens to people you like, and comedy happens to Jim Carrey.

As the new students peruse this campus on "Accepted Student's Day," I can only wonder if they know what they are getting themselves into. Hampshire College is a school that offers nothing. Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Unless you consider financial aid something. Or freedom, for that matter.

There's still no money once you're here, and no space to do anything, and we still don't have a community center.

But while we are on this subject, let's talk about freedom at Hampshire College. As the students here know, Freedoms come and go at a moment's notice.

On a campus such as Hampshire's, however, one that is under-represented, over-political, and paralyzed by the strain placed on community by

hundreds of different view-points, thoughts, and characters, it's hard to keep the student body happy, especially when they feel that their freedoms are being infringed upon.

However, what is the solution to empower your lost freedom? Well, let's see, maybe if we take away someone else's freedom, give that little chunk of rights back to you, and then call it ... hmmm ... "Censorship"? No, too harsh. What about "Justice" and "Equality"? Yes, let's.

Freedom is offered until someone or somebody feels that you have abused your freedom. Then, the freedom is either altered or taken away.

Then again, being a hypocrite is a funny thing. Generally, when someone else is calling you a hypocrite, they are, in fact, the hypocrite. It's a disease. They call it, "Hypocrititis."

The classic film *Videodrome* taught us, "Death to Videodrome. Long live the New Flesh!" *Videodrome* underhandedly gave us the power, and tried to use it against us. Only by transcending *Videodrome* and becoming the new Flesh may we take revenge on the ones who made us this way.

The sketch I mentioned earlier by "The Kids in the Hall" was actually censored until their final episode when they decided to show it either way. Granted, it may be offensive, tasteless, and downright wrong, but doesn't freedom of speech grant us the right to speak our minds?

For all new student's reading this, remember that freedom is a word often used by hypocrites, but then also remember the challenge to transcend and better the Videodrome. The Videodrome did give you the power, but just not the right purpose. It's certainly a tragedy when you think about it.



The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

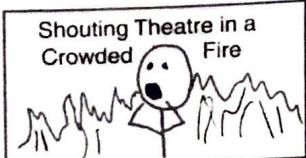
understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



20 APRIL, 2001



HONEY, I SHRUNK THE EXPERIMENTAL LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

s it just me, or is this school there were 803 kids in my teachers had to keep the class alone. It was entirely shades drawn.

I mean it. The Hampshire plausible to walk into your Tree used to be, like, a whole homeroom in the fall, go to mansions and friends who all along the edge of the pine for- familiar face for the rest of the day's hike. People would camp your classes, and not see a forest, getting rest for the last leg of the journey. It was a pilgrimage, 10th grade, and I can honestly say it blew.) Sometimes I'd a rite of passage.

Now it's more, "I'm bored. What do you wanna do?"

"I dunno. It's nice out. Let's go to the Hampshire Tree."

"Okay, but we have to be back in time for the lower grades, with a shuttle bus transporting students from high school,

"Simpsons."

And Greenwich. Greenwich when necessary. (The bus which used to be so far away, was driven by a Princeton named Van Man. A

Like Siberia. If you wanted to graduate named Van Man. A live there, you had to take a popular senior prank was to special PVTA bus. Most paint the van pink. I'm sure people didn't bother, so they prised Van Man never went either wound up rotting in their homicidal storage closets or living on

The ninth-and-tenth-grade filched Farm Center kale. If a building, Medill Bair, was re-

Greenwich kid completed a ally one small building with Div III, it involved constant about eighteen additions; as a repetition of the phrase "all result, it had the most baffling work and no play makes jack architecture I've ever seen. a dull boy."

But now Greenwich seems just around the corner. It's literally right under my feet, in fact. I have a room there and grade building, Pennsbury, had no windows. Actually, it everything.

It started out small. It had eight windows, all located along a single wall of the

building. If you had a class in wanted this for myself. From one of those rooms, you were ninth through eleventh grades, a lucky kid. Except that the I attended a regional public high school with a population seeing as we never got to look over 3200. That's right: through them - that most

"Saved By The Bell," where all the stars mysteriously had all the same classes. It seemed so contrived. And yet... comforting. Professors knew the students' names. Guidance counse-

lors didn't refer to you by number. Classes had fewer than 25 people in them. There were no "hall passes," and everyone had the same lunch period. By the time college applications were due, I'd decided that smaller was better.

Why? Why, oh, why, did I think that a small school would make me happier? It was great at first ("I know everybody!" was my first-year motto), but by my second year, I had regular attacks of UMass envy. For one thing, there's the dating factor. Today in the shower, I calculated that I've hooked up with approximately 1% of the campus in two and a half years. And I'm middling-to-average - I know people who accomplished that much in a semester. So let's say, for the sake of argument, that we're all screwing 1% of the campus, on average. Do you realize how much overlap that entails? There's not that much to go around. You will, inevitably, wind up dating your ex's best friend, then dating *their* ex, who will then date *your* best friend. (If you doubt me, fool, I pity you.) And since no one here really gives a shit about gender, the combinations are infinite.

Then there's the clique-y thing. The claustrophobia. The fact that everybody around you knows far, far too much about your life. (I can, off the top of my head, name the embarrassing sexual habits of five or six people with whom I've never had a conversation.) The feeling that the first-years are naive and pitiful, and will soon be desolate. Tumbleweeds blow well.) But there was no one person that the whole school past. This is not good.

I read a *Newsweek* editorial offering the latest scapegoat for Columbine and its school, and in my Jersey copycats: schools are too big, school - but not in my high Public schools, the author school. And the friends I said, have become so huge made were more real, less impersonal, it's no wonder that a few kids "slip through the cracks." Teachers can't though I made them quickly - see the warning signs because they don't know their cause

Not to imply that Hampshire will host the next Columbine kids. And students are so isolated from the teachers, it's no bine. I'm just saying, there are things about a small school that induce claustrophobia. You can be lonely wherever perhaps, the rise in popularity of "small liberal arts colleges" lonely in a crowd of people was due to overpopulation of local high schools.

In my case, that final theory was true. The part about "kids slipping through the cracks" might also be true. When you're around the same people all the time, it's easy to forget that they're not recognize my face, let alone all the same. That they've put a name to it. (Of course, grown and changed through because of my one year in this whole thing, just like you. New Jersey, plenty of teachers there would recognize about you, but don't you know the combinations are infinite.

Then there's the guidance counselors, as too much about them? Isn't me.) Guidance counselors, as far as actual guidance, were there an intimacy that's utterly useless. Would the Columbine kids have done better in a small school? say you can't start now?

Probably not. Because Pennsbury was so diverse and crowded, few people felt totally excluded. There were first place. The hard part, is remembering why you're here in the dozens of possibilities for friends, for prom dates, for age the second, you broken, ending up as bitter few and far between; it was first.



PRESTON, WE HARDLY KNEW YE

One Friday night, amongst a pile of obsolete Apple technology, a Macintosh Classic was discarded from the Forward office. This was not just any Mac Classic, not just any overgrown Gameboy with word-processing applications — no, this one held the last traces of a Hampshire student of whom I had never heard, in memory of whom I write this brief column's worth of filler.

All I know about Preston M. Irving is derived from twenty-five Microsoft Word 5.0 files in a folder labeled "Green Corps". This environmental student group, which, as far as I can tell, ceased to exist a couple years ago, was Preston M. Irving's life, and yet he could not decide whether it was spelled "Green Core", like "hardcore", or "Green Corps", like

"Marine Corps", or "Green Corp", like "Corporation". Under the carefully-laid out "schedules" and agendas for "symposiums" (even Fry on *Futurama* knows it's "symposia") and the to-do lists formatted into meticulous outlines, one cannot deny sensing that Preston M. Irving's being housed a passionate core (or corps, or corp). The letter of reprimand addressed to delinquents who shirked their duty to attend a Green Corps meeting seethes with righteous fury: "Since you were not at Monday night's Green Core meeting for one reason or another, we wanted to let you know that there were some concerns expressed that some of the students involved with the Green Core were not taking their employment commitment seriously."

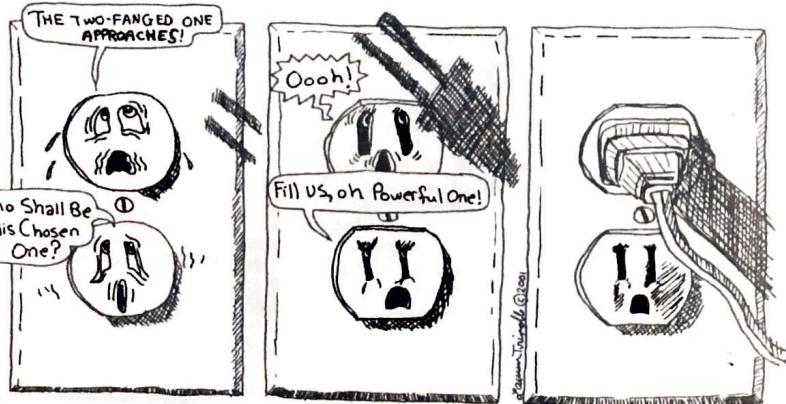
One also senses that Preston M. Irving was no Philistine: he eschewed the default font Times in favor of the more nuanced Palatino.

As I thoughtfully sip my Orangina and contemplate the ghostly memory of Preston M. Irving on the monochrome screen flickering before me like a candle in the wind, I wonder what dim memory of myself will remain when (if) I make it out of Hampshire alive. Will there be a faded Gamera poster, deep in the bowels of the library, overlooked by Phys Plant? A Photoshop file in some neglected strawberry iMac's hard drive, demonstrating a deft use of layer effects and an elitist disdain for lens flare? A passable Div III, gathering dust in its uniform black binding? Or some other humble form of immortality? One can only hope.



EARLY FORMS of the RELIGIOUS LIFE of SOCKETS

from Gaboray and William S. Grabbles, Reader in Comparative Religion of Electrical Appliances (NY: Blaupunkt Books, 1974)



BE EXCELLENT TO EACH OTHER

In Japanese, the word for "bus" is "basu". You don't really pronounce the last U, so basically you just say "bus". Another handy word is "busu", which means "homely girl" or "bitch", but not "bus". Then there's "baka", which means "stupid". For example, the idea of buying a double-decker bus in Canada, hauling it down to Massachusetts, and using it as a makeshift bus shelter/cafe. That's pretty "baka".

Now, I don't pretend to have a well-thought-out opinion on this matter; I'm not even that well informed. If you wanted a well-thought-out article, you're in the wrong

Section. This is Section Zole, and Section Zole's got more rants than the Bible's got psalms. I mean, for all I know, the whole Party/Snack/Shelter Bus idea will collapse under its own weight. That's usually how things work on this world — stupid ideas usually get what's coming to them. On the other hand, Hampshire (as a nebulous entity) has a tendency to latch onto

stupid ideas and run them into the ground, often wasting scads of money in the process. (I'm sure you can think of a few examples. I'd volunteer some, but I don't want to get in trouble.) For that reason, let me give my two cents on why the party bus is a bad idea.

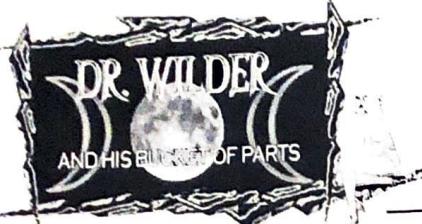
First of all, it's a novelty, and I don't trust this student body — which includes me — with a novelty. Let's say, for whatever reason, Hampshire decides to build a 50 foot steel phal-

lus in the field in front of Cole and the Library. Let's further stretch our imaginations and say that everyone on campus, not just Gabe, is really excited about this. I would say that five to six months after construction of the phallus is complete, it would fade into the background. Nobody would go there just to hang out, student groups would stop meeting there, and student filmmakers would find other subjects for their wacky silent films. There would be a 50 foot phallus and we'd all be ignoring it. Visitors and parents would ask us about it, and we'd re-

act the same way we do when they ask about the Yurt. "Oh, the phallus? Oh Yeah. Nobody uses that." Boor, \$30,000 down the drain.

Now, I thought the bus was a stupid idea back when I thought it was going to move around ("ugokimawaru"). We've already got two stationary eateries, the Bridge Cafe and the Prescott Tavern, both of which seem fairly well patronized. While a bus would have the advantage of mobility, it's not like it could get up to my fourth-floor dorm room.





BY J. WILDER KONSCHAKE, COLUMNIST

4 OUT OF 5 AIN'T BAD

Dr. Wilder had gathered 3 orful orbs of sweat. Beneath his of the five transcendent thoughts, harvesting Game."

them from the ever-crashing sea of pop culture. He had, stumbled backward three steps. "There is no spoon." He had, fell against the window because he had, "Oops, I did it again." Now, he stepped into the Palisades Mall and stared at its grandeur. Four floors of paradise. Trees made of aluminum. Concrete floors decorated with the regal names of franchise stores.

"Here," he said, "I shall find all that I seek," and then he added, "Oops! I did it again!" just for good measure.

Instantly, as if in response, a force guided him along the halls, and he came at last to stand before a huge angelic face. It was the face of a beautiful model, each eye a foot across. Beneath her face, it read, "If you don't look good, we don't look good."

Dr. Wilder gave it a try. It felt good, a sort of pretentious thrill,

but it fell flat on the cosmic level. He stepped aside and found another phrase, "Breezy. Beautiful. Cover Girl." He pondered it, but knew that it was only an early form of, "Fast. Fresh. Just for You." They meant exactly the same thing.

Then, he made an about-face, and there he saw another huge face in a window. It was the grinning face of a basketball player, his skin beaded with col-

Dr. Wilder weakly raised his hand, as if to half-awake block the light from his face. As he did, the glass shattered, fell like beach sand at his feet. He lowered his hands in front of him, hind him and slid down to the ground. People crowded him, and the book rose, it floated to him, and it lay open giving them a show. Instead, he said: "These is no spoon." He said: "Fast. Fresh. Just for You." Now he stepped into the Palisades Mall and stared at its grandeur. Four floors of paradise. Trees made of aluminum. Concrete floors decorated with the regal names of franchise stores.

In an ever-expanding wave, like ripples in a pond, the audience fell to their knees and wept. Soon, there were prostitutes on the floor, overwhelmed with unspeakable joy and self-worth. All the troubles of their daily lives were solved; they were left with only leisure time, never full of boredom. Their futures spread endlessly before them, flawless and ever-improving into the limitless promise of infinity.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wilder stood, and as a zombie, led by a hand from beyond, he walked forward. A path naturally split in the crowd; he followed that path – straight, unbroken, as it went to the entrance of a huge Barnes & Noble. His eyes slid down the glass, slid down to the display of best sellers. There, Dr. Wilder saw, glowing, a godly halo around it, a light blurring out all else – *A Painted House*,

by John Grisham.

Now on next page
"Ignorance ... is bliss." The dark woman smiled. It was a patronizing smile. She reached up and touched him on the cheek. "It's a blissful journey," she said, "but a terrible place to arrive." Dr. Wilder could say nothing. "It is best if you look no fur-

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XV

by M. Zole
www.zole.org

I HAVE ACQUIRED A SKATE BOARD AND WILL NOW ATTEMPT AN "OLIE"

1 2

whirrrrrrrr KLAK
whirrrrrrrr KLAK

1 2

SKATE BOARDING IS NOT AS EASY AS IT APPEARED IN THE MOVIE ("GLEAMING THE CUBE")

1 2

YOU SHOULD TRY BMX BIKING ("RAD")

1 2

I BOUGHT THIS PHOTOCOPIER BUT WILL RETURN IT BECAUSE IT IS NOT XTREME

1 2

BUT DOES IT WORK?
I WILL CHECK.

1 2

||||||||||||||||||

1 2

WELL, THIS IS A COPY, BUT IT IS NOT AN XTREME COPY

1 2

THIS IS A STARBUCKS AND NOT THE CHURCH I HAD BELIEVED IT TO BE.

1 2

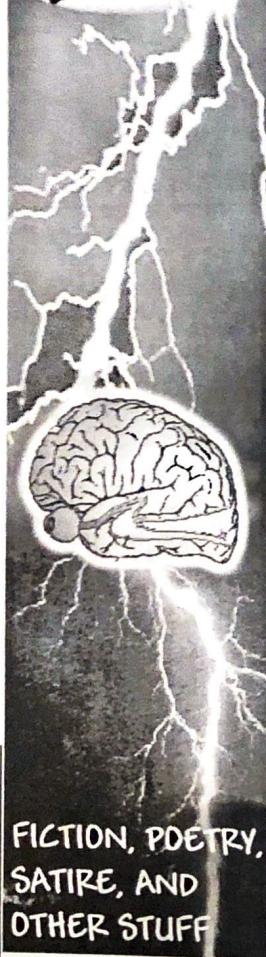
ther for your answers here."

She turned, and she walked away, leaving behind only lingering warmth and the subtle smell of burning. Dr. Wilder shook his head and ground his palms against his eyes. The feeling of bliss had subsided, leaving him empty and stiff, sore, as one is after laughing too hard and too long. He said the words again, and he realized they were pointless: stupid and outdated.

He wondered for a moment what to do. It was not long before the answer came to him. "I've gotta find 5 more!" And off he went, into the storm of pop culture, seeking five thoughts to replace the five that'd grown old, confident that never, never would there be a shortage, and unaware that never, never would they mean a thing in the final reckoning.



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

VOLUME 16 NUMBER 5

THE ONLY TRAFFIC LIGHT ON THE CAMPUS DOESN'T FLASH RED ANYMORE

God decided it was time to start dating again. He put an ad in the personals and found himself opposite a paralegal named Ann. He told her that he had a subscription to *The New Yorker*, but never had time to read it. After three drinks she confessed she was a virgin. This piqued his interest. After the meal arrived she asked him what he did for a living. Not wanting to sound arrogant, God replied:

"Well, right now I'm between jobs, but most recently I dropped an apple onto the Buddha's head while he sat under the tree of knowledge. He then proclaimed that he no longer believed in gravity."

Ann mulled this over for a moment.

"You're a poet? You're not a fag, are you?"

The ensuing silence was awkward. God sought a way to alleviate it, so he asked:

"Do you believe in God?"

Ann answered, "no," and promptly imploded due to her imprecision of language. The universe shrugged and returned to its previous state as an obelisk-shaped paperweight on Aristotle's coffee table. God decided it would be best to live vicariously through *Sex and the City* from now on. Reclining in his Lazy boy, he thought:

"That eighth day gets me every time."

1966.

The Archangel Eli and Paul Simon sit in the back of a Trailway Bus, sharing a joint over a game of gin.

"Eli, Sony really fucked with my flute."

album. You hear those drums on 'I am a Rock?' I didn't put them there. Arty is really upset too."

Eli listens to the track through his headphones, ignoring the anachronism.

"Paul, if you build a better coppel, the world will beat a path to your door." He looks down at his hand. "Gin."

President Nixon was getting a blowjob from his intern who was perched under his desk while he vetoed legislation. After she was done, Nixon noticed that he had left his tape recorder on.

"Shit," he thought as he turned off the Moody Blues record, "better erase that."

So Woodward and Bernstein didn't get the whole scoop.

I told these three stories for a reason. They all have something to do with my conception, which seems as good a place to start as any. It's also the only really definitive beginning I could find.

The first story takes place on a Friday night, the second involves the consumption of marijuana, and the third has a Moody Blues song playing in the background. So despite the efforts of God, Paul Simon and President Nixon, I came kicking and screaming into the world. I remember the first thing I saw was a Camel ad, but after that it gets hazy for a long while. I was named Raymond Thomas MacNally, furthering the whole Moody Blues theory. My dad was always upset

I never learned the flute.

BY JEFFREY PATRINO STROZ, COLUMNIST

I MISS MY FRIENDS

"A few months ago, you and I established a group of friends I really liked. In the past my friends had basically been friends-of-friends; the few people with whom I'd actually felt real connections with in the past had either transferred, moved off-campus, or gotten fucked over to the point of withdrawal by financial aid. So in my last year, I made some friends I really felt were my friends. And it worked. Last semester was one of the best of my entire time here.

-J. Wilder Konschak, who doesn't know the half of it 'cause he's not Div III, though characters in his hit TV show "Darwin's Kids" are.

It wasn't until I was halfway through my final semester that I realized the thing that sucks the most about a Hampshire education. The

Div III process is designed to isolate you—I knew that and I was more or less prepared to deal with it. To give us with four years of responsibility my life some spice, some fun, some ties off my shoulders. After 4 months contrast to the hours of research and so of Div III isolation, I'm finally writing I knew I was going to have to eventually do, I spent the fall semester actually getting to think of Hampshire as home. I did all the fun

activities I'd wanted to do since I was a lowly first-year (foremost on that list, of course, was writing regularly for about last time—is when all my the *Omen*), I started to care about friends will just be starting their final the goings-on of the campus as a projects of the semester. The Div III weeks here, which should be filled with joy and revelry, will instead be where the problem comes in:

They're not done with their work. In fact, the time when I hand in my Div III—the 100 pages of Dick I wrote

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Francesca's
Speak

FUCKING THE HAMPSHIRE!

Fucking the Hampshire! (I gan!!!! I was so in the ferring like a t-shirt. I have am happy in that the Nemo exection. I jumped and singed. sent in my application to the we could not use these I walked in to the office and college in vermont, words. One good thing about sat down at the place, and MARLBOROU. They have omen there is!) I am sew pissed! said what the classes were caribou there, and always Let me tell you all the story I have. that I wanted to be taking in have I loved the Carbiou.

As you is known, final the Autumn Months of footprints is over. They were: week was the prereg- come after this semester and estreitton for the classes in the summer that follows in its the Autumn Months of footprints is over. They were:

HAMPshire. Well here the POLITICO and race in the cold thing is. I was waiting in the war, GNEDER and the line in Yurt at around about elcetoral collage, fingers- seven in the morning. On painting, and First video. Monday. Then was I learning Also my alternations were that PREREgist was not until DRAMA class somewhere, and the day next! hahaha. But I a class in HACUQERT with decided to court myt losses some professing person I was and contineu the wait! hahaha! heard was nice. OH and I I have the jump on all the oth- wanted to take the course at others, think the Francesca. I MOUNT HOLY OAK. but I was not only early! I was there don't hear from them until later in the before everyone else! now.

except one. A student in the So there is FRANCESCA first year named Jeffrey was at the desk. She tells the lady there also as well before I my classes, and what do I was. It was 7:30 AM ON Lundi her!! ALL MY CLASS ARE (Monday to you! haha.) FULL!!! I was pisssing, let me

I am saying to my fans and friends and followings, Sorry I am of the leaving I must take. I am missing you even now that I have not yet left! Sad will be the months to follow this month. I hope to see you all again in the

some day. Francesca love them they think of francesca. and that picture does not cry. I have a di- cried a bit. But don't tell any- lemna and an anger and a Zimm (Where is he?) I think sad. The hampshire has failed time. Miss me until then is alltheways, I have a di- things. We got along alltheways, I have a di- nicelike. Almost like MIChael lemma and an anger and a Zimm (Where is he?) I think sad. The hampshire has failed time. Miss me until then is hes last name is Pasteurized for me one time far too many silly!Q hahah. Miss me or some thing. I like him. We times! I am leaving. Leaving! waited in the line-up. THEN NO more francesca for the time; kisses in the love, Francesca

JEFFRey and I played a number of games with cards and other things. We got along alltheways, I have a di- nicelike. Almost like MIChael lemma and an anger and a Zimm (Where is he?) I think sad. The hampshire has failed time. Miss me until then is hes last name is Pasteurized for me one time far too many silly!Q hahah. Miss me or some thing. I like him. We times! I am leaving. Leaving! later.)) until next the PREREGISTIWNRON be- semester, is all. I am trans-

Francesca

BY JAMES POTTER, CONTRIBUTOR

THE EMO AND THE ECSTACY

I have a confession to make. I'm emo. I listen to emo music, and I rather enjoy the company of other types like myself. Yes, it's true, everyone's favorite rough and abrasive punk rocker (haha!) James is in fact an emo boy. And you know what else? I'm damn tired of hiding it from the world. I want to wear drab happy and filled with all the cardigans, kids' t-shirts, horn-rimmed glasses and pants that are too short for me. I want to be able to openly weep in the presence of others without getting my ass beaten senseless by some hardcore kids with shaved heads and big funny pants. I want to be able to buy an emo CD at Newbury Comics without having to stick it in between a couple of hardcore or metal CDs. I want the world to know that I'm emo.

What inspired my newfound pride? Last Friday's episode of Popular on the WB. How am I going to accomplish such a task as this? How am I going to get the world to respect my right to listen to music that consists of guys whining about girls? The answer is simple: an emo pride

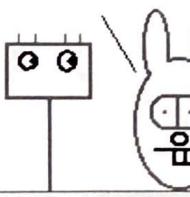
flag. I think that it's a good idea. I know it may be ripping off an idea from the gay and lesbian community, but I think that good ideas such as theirs have a right to be ripped off. Just like some guy created Audiogalaxy to rip off Napster, another good idea. Anyways, back to my emo pride flag. Instead of being bright and happy colors of the rainbow like the gay pride flag, the emo pride flag should also be a rainbow, but it should consist of colors like brown, and black, and gray, and olive. And we could form a group, a place where emo boys and girls can meet without fear of being discriminated against or beaten by hardcore kids. It would be an open forum. A place where we can listen to albums with names like "If It Weren't for Venetian Blinds, It Would be Curtains for us All" and "Orange Rhyming Dictionary" without having to worry if other people will hear and come hurt us.

It's about time emo kids got the respect they deserve, and dammit, I think we deserve a lot of respect for being so sensitive and free in such a cruel unfor-

giving world. Where was that respect last week when I got decked for wearing a Weakerthans t-shirt? Where was that respect when I got laughed at for liking the Promise Ring? Tell me, where was that respect when my mother, bless her heart, got spat on in the streets for having an emo boy? It's time to take a stand! Emo kids unite!!! Embrace your emo-ness and go buy a stack of CDs from bands like the Alkaline Trio, Samiam, The Get-Up Kids and their sister band Reggie and the Full Effect, Tuesday, and Jimmy Eat World without hiding them in between Earth Crisis and Snapcase!

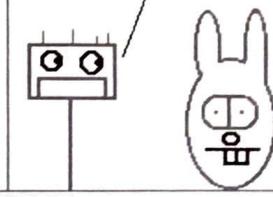


Did you find all the eggsy-weggies?



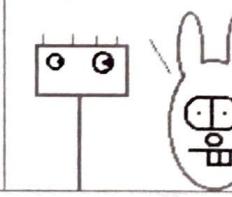
SCREAMIN' STEVEN

HOPPING CHRIST!



By KARL MOORE

Lo, I have come, my childy-wildy.



20 APRIL, 2001

We Hardly Knew Ye

SO THEY'RE IRISH?

About this time last year, I got bitten by the white rap bug. Rap music made by white people has long been stigmatized by people who prefer rap music made by black people, also known as "real" or "actual" rap. But chalk it up to subconscious racism that white rappers have often been the ones to generate crossover hits. Normally I don't buy the idea (popular on this campus) that all white people are guilty of racism without realizing it, but I'm willing to own up to the fact that we aren't fair in the rap arena. I mean, "U Can't Touch This" is undeniably a better song than "Ice Ice Baby".

But I think I know what I like about white rap, though: it's silly. Sometimes the silliness is intentional, but usually not. In House of Pain's case, it most certainly is not. In their heyday, House of Pain consisted of three Irish guys — two Irish guys, actually, and a Latvian DJ. They had a big hit, called "Jump Around", from their debut album *House of Pain*, and then they put out two albums that nobody was interested in. Fortunately Everlast, the first Irish guy, had a "GET OUT OF EMBARRASSING CAREER FREE" card, allowing him to return with a critically acclaimed solo album in 1998. Much to his probable char- grin, however, all those silly tapes from 1992 are still around



for us to enjoy. Let's take a look. "I'll serve your ass like John McEnroe," declares Mr. Everlast in "Jump Around". He continues: "If your girl steps up, I'm smacking the ho. Word to your moms, I came to drop bombs. I got more rhymes than the Bible's got psalms." This strikes me as a bad analogy. I mean, the Beastie Boys said something about having more rhymes than Jamaica has mangoes, but that's not something you can count.

The Bible has a finite number of psalms, and I'm sure Alan Hodder will back me up on this. A

I'm quick not a leprechaun / You wanna named McGraw". I think the first unwritten rule of hip-hop is "never compare with their heritage than I feel how much The bad news is that not of a badass all of House of Pain is especially entertaining. "Jump how much The bad news is that not of a badass all of House of Pain is especially entertaining. "Jump ter may be". Around" stands up to repeated

But it listens, as does "Shamrocks gets worse. and Shenanigans". "Put On Or better, if Your Shit Kickers" is always good for a laugh. But the beats aren't always catchy and the rest of the album kinda drags. Aside from the aforementioned moments of hilarity, you can only listen to House of Pain's unique blend of ridiculous posturing for so long before it gets redundant. At least



RAD IS RAD: IT'S SO NICE, I'LL SAY IT TWICE

Welcome to the titillating third issue of *Rad* magazine. Enjoy!

In current events, the U.S. China plane standoff is at an end (good) and scientists have determined it's not good (bad) to eat your head.

As you've come to expect, here's award-winning short fiction.

The Yeti's Yearning

Tenderly, the Yeti ran his fingers through her head; it sucks to be strong and clumsy.

Pictures of famous people, coming right up!



Record reviews, get your record reviews!

Monster Magnet's *God Says No* is actually a misprinted *Journey's Greatest Hits*. It's all good though.

Re-re-recipes, anyone?

Blood Pudding

INGREDIENTS:

- Σ 3 quarts pork blood
- Σ 1-1/2 pounds raisins
- Σ 1-1/4 pounds sugar
- Σ 1 pound mixed nuts & chestnuts
- Σ 3/4 pound rice—cooked
- Σ 2 oranges with all rind
- Σ 1 pound figs
- Σ 1 teaspoon red pepper
- Σ 1 teaspoon black pepper
- Σ 2 tablespoons salt
- Σ bay leaf

DIRECTIONS:

Mix all and bake in oven for one (1) hour.





WHERE DO THEY ALL COME FROM?

The internet was meant to be useless. BottleMail, a Japanese program that can be downloaded from <<http://www.kids.recruit.co.jp/bmail-e/index.htm>>, is proof of this. This cute little application is, basically, an email client stripped of any pretense of usefulness. The interface is a tropical beach, complete with animated waves, soothing ocean sounds, and the occasional baby turtle. Rather than typing messages, one draws in a "sketchbook" with graphical tools that make Windows' Paint look like Lightwave. The resulting image is placed in a "bottle" and flung into the "ocean" — where it drifts into a server somewhere in Japan that directs the bottle to a random BottleMail user who happens to have the program running at the same time. Bottles wash up on the beach and soon enough you find yourself with an album full of cryptic drawings and katakana. Pictured below are some favorites amongst those I've received:



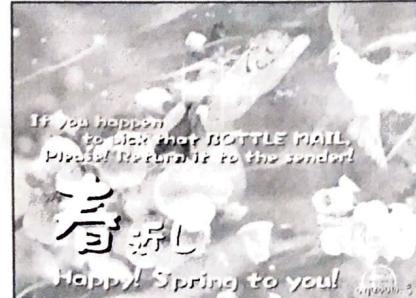
These turtles are not having sex.



All your base are belong to this thing.



Somebody likes me.



I saw a naked lady.

As you can see, BottleMail has enriched my life in ways that email never could. The software's creator, Yoshihito Nagai, proudly declares that it is a "useless" invention for "idles" and people who like to "marvel at how many weirdoes are running around out there." I can offer no better description of myself.



THE PAST CAN GO FUCK ITSELF (CAUSE I GOT BORED.)

BY DORIAN COTTLEMAN, COLUMNIST

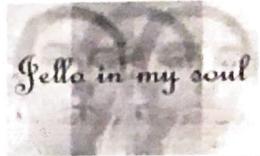
Last night, I found myself in someone else's bed. Unusual? Not in and of itself. In case you hadn't figured it out, I'm not a big fan of celibacy, despite my aspirations to join a nunnery. No, my point is that while I was in someone else's bed, I was really happy to be there. I could lie there and smile to myself and think, hey, this is nice. And it had been a while since I did that. But this got me feeling all nostalgic, and so I have finally come around to the article you all knew I would write eventually. The Ex article. My dedications to the boys who wrapped me around their fingers and blew bubbles in my brain.

The name of the official boy number 1 is Austin Dunn. I dated him over the summer of my freshman year while I was living in England. He liked Terry Pratchett and Star Trek the Next Generation, and to be perfectly honest, had very little going for him besides a brain the size of a watermelon. He was British, so I excused his bad teeth and bizarre haircut, not to mention his mildly obvious B.O. issues. I think he might have touched me once, but at this point, I don't remember. Not a very memorable guy.

I took a break from boys for a little while, because hey, I went to a small prep school in Louisville, KY. The boys there aren't worth shaking a stick at, although I think I've threatened one or two with a bat.

Boy number 2 also came during summer. At this point, I was fifteen and going through my "isn't French poetry the most romantic thing ever" phase. Which is good, considering I decided to go out with a 19 year old French literature major from Penn State. He was a counselor in the program I was attending and he remains one of the most beautiful vaguely punkish boys I have ever seen. He had long curly red hair, very shocking, and a small silver hoop in each ear. He wore nothing but vintage collared shirts with 80s band t-shirts underneath. (I still have his Huey Lewis and the News around somewhere.) So yeah, we sat around reading Verlaine and smoking hashish, which my crazy friends all brought back from Amsterdam. (I was living in Paris at the time, very cool.) Adam was also my first... education, and I pretty much worshipped him. What are you supposed to do when you're just going into your junior year and you're dating a college sophomore who tells you with a reasonable degree of sincerity that you're brilliant and mature way beyond your years. If you're as immature as I was then, you eat it up. I used to be a helpless romantic, can you believe it?

Adam dumped me when our summer ended, and I headed back to Louisville, where I resumed the crush I had begun to cultivate during the previous school year. This was a fruitless crush, as it was hopelessly bestowed on my high school science teacher. (To be perfectly honest, I kept this crush until Christmas. The month,) and never told her



ZAK The Omen Maniac

NO IDEAS = BAD ARTICLE

Time for a random shit article to have happen). I decided that quick thinking was pretty needed, so I hopped to my damn good, but #2 is a piece of crap. By the time the film-makers get to #3 they've usually caught up with me in front of the library, so I decided to ally decided that they're going to make a unified series, down and petting one of them. but when they make #2 they're down and petting one of them. They said 'We don't fucking just shitting out an empty seat-walk and the grass. So there I want you to pet us, we just quel. am, lying down, eyes closed, want to lick yo' face!' and jump up onto me, knocking me to this is Star Wars. When when these two fucking dogs jump on me and start licking my face like it was covered in peppermint schnapps epic saga that enriches the golden jelly. Understandably beetles. Completely defeated, lives of all who see them. But I was a bit startled, so I made I laid there for a good minute Empire Strikes Back is a piece a minimal effort escape by rolling over onto the grass. The crevice of my face, neck, tossed in there. It's the worst dogs said 'Get back here and mouth (inside and out). written, directed, and performed-fucker!' and continued Eventually some of my friends formed of the trilogy and I hate to lick and claw my face like it (including Matthew Montgomery). Yoda is a stupid, the battle was covered in hundred dollar bills. After about a minute stood up, my face and mouth Fett is lame, and Lando I got up and said 'Leave me covered in saliva, dog hair, Calrissian is a dumb-head. be you mother goddamn dog and gravel. fuckin head motherfuckers!' I'm very curious about why Ewoks? Anyone who disagrees with me is wrong and they scattered.

About 10 minutes later I decided to again attempt a nap. To test this, I would appreciate if people around campus goat placenta. I was chosen. Is it that I have a naturally good tasting face. most likely enjoys having sex I saw that many other people were lying down and not being maulled, so I figured I had a pretty good chance of successfully napping. I'm lying down for about 1 minute and all of a sudden the dogs are back, licking a favor.

Now let us never speak of cadbury egg goo. And I mean it again. they're fucking licking the fuck out my fucking face fuck. Random shit #2: They're doing a full-face lick as if the practice of face licking is about to be outlawed (which I am currently lobbying for legal).

LET ME CLEAR MY THROAT OR FUCK SUBTLETY

BY ANDRIA THEOCUS, COLUMNIST

Recently, a friend and I had an idea. It's called "The Boyfriend Potluck."

You start on a Sunday afternoon, with seven women, and, ideally, seven men. Couples are good, hence "The Boyfriend Potluck," but are not essential. People bring a delicious dish of their choice. Everyone eats; chats, and then the men's names are put into a hat. The women each pick a name, and go home with the man that they picked.

It should be pointed out early that when I saw "go home with" I don't necessarily mean "go home with...and fuck!" The concept is simply that people will get to know other people—namely, people of the opposite sex. So, they go home with a boy, and the next day they return them, names are drawn again, and they take home another. It's a good thing. The object is that by the end of the week, everyone will have spent some quality time with everyone else—thus educating her (and him...I guess) as to making the best boyfriend choice.

It's such a good, simple system I can't believe that we didn't think of it earlier. So, luckily we (me and six of my closest friends) have already agreed to this, and getting our boyfriends or objects of lust to agree prolly won't be too hard either. Well, I'm not actually too sure bout that part, but we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.



NO IDEAS=BAD ARTICLE

continuations

Bongers seem to be some form of weird message device (DO NOT BONG KIDNEYS!), but are actually weird freak balls on sticks. Allow me to quote the box: "If your weak hand can't keep the rhythm, BONG with both hands at once." 'Most men, and many women, like to be BONGED fairly hard.'

The purpose of Bongers seems to be for the Bonger to use them to beat the Bongee. 'We prefer to explain it as the same principle as tenderizing meat'. Bongers can treat back pain, muscle soreness, headaches, and cellulite. Thus far, I've mainly just used Bongers to hit others and myself. After I hit myself on the head, I generally yell 'Bong!'

The inside manual gets weird. Here the history of the Bongers is included. 'Many people believe Bongers were a gift by the Space Guardians to the first emperor of Japan...They find support for their claim in the Bongers themselves: when you close your eyes and use them on your head, they say, the Bongers are programmed to take you back and put you on that very spaceship that brought the first shipload of Bongers into this galaxy'. Also included are fun Bonger facts ('The Chinese

wife-beaters'), poetry ('Oh come with me to the Bonger Tree where we shall see Life's lessons are three...'), and music

('Oh we're hounding for a pounding, Oh we're Bleating for a beating on our feet, BONG BONG!').

Also included are quotes from Bonger users: 'It feels just like rainfall to an ant'; 'It feels like a thousand pygmies dancing on my back'; 'This is like a mugging'.

So I am now a Bonger man. I am currently working on Bong based IA Div 1. As my Div 2 I plan to study what effects Bongers have had on Jewish women of color in third world capitalist societies. As my Div 3 I plan to hit Greg Prince with a Bonger.

BONG!

So as you can see, it's a bad thing when Omen writers can't think of a subject. Random shit occurs, and that's not good for anyone. So please, support your local Omen layout writing type non-staff person in any way you can, be it through a kind word, a margarita, or a random Bonger attack, and lets hope nothing like this ever happens again.





E-C-DUB! E-C-DUB! E-C-DUB!

For those of you that don't know, I am a major pro started off as pretty much any single champion who would tour the United States. They recognized a wrestling fan. And lately other small, independent wres- the various territories. By the nine- the business has been going tling organization, with a few names way past their prime, like name only, being bought up by First, the World Wrestling Federa- Jimmy Snuka, and a few people Jim Crockett, who ran the Florida territories for years. Their head- no one has heard of, with good rea- line show on the Turner networks son, like Tommy was World Championship Wres- Cairo and the tling. Jim Crockett got drubbed by Sandman. The Vince McMahon's WWF, which early shows are was doing previously unseen pretty much unim- amounts of business with Hulk Hogan headlining, and Crockett was impressive, vanilla fare.

Enter Paul Heyman. Heyman was fresh off being fired from WCW after a fairly successful stint in the company as Paul E. Dangerously. The Dangerous Alliance, in fact, would be a precursor to the NWO angle that

Now, I knew this was coming. When owner Paul Heyman began doing color commentary for WWF Monday Night RAW, the last death knell was sounded. The company had been off TV since put WCW ahead of the

January. They cancelled their scheduled March Pay-Per-View, Living Dangerously. But it was still sad to see a company that revolutionized the business in the mid nineties, going out not with a bang, but with a whimper.

Admittedly, T.S. Eliot and pro wrestling don't normally go together.

ECW started up in the early nineties as Eastern Champion- a collection of promoters in dif- ferent territories across the

Heyman took to win the title. After he won the over booking du-

ties for ECW, and he threw the belt in the garbage later purchased and declared himself to be the company outright. He brought an "attitude" to his federation

WWF in 1996. tier Shane Douglas was booked Heyman took to win the title. After he won the over booking du-

ties for ECW, and he threw the belt in the garbage later purchased and declared himself to be the company outright. He brought an "attitude" to his federation

COMMUNICATED CHAOS:

A VIRTUAL STORY

SUBMITTED BY CIELO RIOS, CONTRIBUTOR

From: "Jason Wilder Konschak" <jerress@hotmail.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: Hello?
Date: Thu, 13 Jul 2000 17:57:20 EDT

Heyo,
I was playing with the Hotmail user directory and I entered the name of one of the people I knew from college, Cielo Rios. I didn't think there could be all that many in the world, and certainly not that many listing California as home.

Just curious if this is indeed she.

-Wilder.

On Fri, 14 Jul 2000 14:41:50 PDT "Cielo Rios" writes:

absolutely not.

This is Franklin B. Octopus, Esq. I have been searching for Miss Rios for some time now. I set up this account to find her. How do you know her? Where does she live? Do you have her phone number?

Sincerely,
Franklin B. Octopus

From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: The search for Cielo goes on...
Date: Sat, 15 Jul 2000 21:40:46 -0400

Dear Mr. Octopus,

Let me answer some of your questions, since you have been so kind and responded so sincerely to my inquiry, which other less patient and less kind individuals may have simply deleted.

The story of how I know Cielo Rios is a strange one.

It all began one night at my college, in Massachusetts. I was going to the lounge to make some peanut-butter, but I was distracted when I stumbled across a drum. Drums are not common place in a college lounge. They are quite unusual - especially such a dandy drum. It was about 3 feet tall, slender and sloped, with black ropes and a white hide, stretched over a cherry-stained body. It bore the inscription: DRUM BROTHERS.

Little did I expect - the drum was magical. Whenever I played the amazing drum, people would scream and pound on the walls. One of those individuals drawn by the song of the drum

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

was called, "Ms. J Soda."

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE Ms. Soda told me to stop playing the drum, for its magic was not to be wasted. I asked her, "From where does this wonderful thing come?" It was then that she told me of a gypsy enchantress who lived in the moon-washed shores of the local reservoir, and, though this enchantress hid from the geriatrics during the day, at night, one could find her playing her drum in the wilderness.

"Is this drum hers?" I asked.

"Yes! It is hers!" Ms. Soda declared. "I borrowed it from a girl named Cielo Rios, and I brought it to this very lounge earlier this very night."

"So, Cielo Rios is the beautiful gypsy enchantress!"

"No, Cielo Rios is the chick that beat her up and took it from her."

So, Mr. Octopus, THAT is how I know our mutually mysterious friend, Cielo Rios. I don't know why you search for her, but I will tell you why I do: I still have her drum, and I'd be ever-so-glad to give it back to her, so the evil gypsy will remove the curse from my head. Until the curse is lifted, I'm doomed to always put my leg into the wrong pant leg first in the morning, strangers will always borrow my toothbrush, and every time I play strip poker, I will lose miserably.

You see, it is important that I find her!

Thus, I cannot tell you her address or telephone number. However, if you learn anything more, please tell me. I hope your e-mail scheme works. And if it does - let her know that Wilder has her drum.

Also, may I call you Frank? Why do you search for Cielo Rios? Tell me a little more about yourself, if you would. Perhaps we can share clues.

Lots of Love,

-Wilder

On Wed, 26 Jul 2000 21:50:20 PDT "Cielo Rios" writes:

Dear Mr. Wilder,
I have already enlisted several college "students" in my search for Miss Rios. You may know them as her close "friends." Unfortunately, they are highly undependable and terse and are of little help to my organization. Miss Rios became the focal point of a classified project that began in 1995 on Baillif Theory. Jodi Fox, Juquin W. BlowFish, and I were able to determine the cause of Mel Tourme and other diseases such as Bull, Rampart, and Staple. Unfortunately, Miss Rios stole our research and has been using it in squalor. Since her inception, she has masterminded the tendencies of water and used them to cause many natural disasters such as potable drinking water and oceans. Needless to say, she is ruthless and cunning, and quite dangerous. Be warned.

If you notice any strange behavior, please do not hesitate to contact us at www.superbad.com

Sincerely,
Franklin B. Octopus

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FROM PAGE 27
From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: j_wilkie@hotmail.com
CC: cgr98@hampshire.edu
Subject: Memo from WilderWorks Productions
Date: Wed, 2 Aug 2000 01:58:44 -0400

ATTN: Jennifer Wilkie
Craig Keilburger
Other Individuals at this Address

FROM: J Wilder Konschak, Director of Operations

DATE: 08/01/00

RE: Who the Hell Are Certain Persons.

Dear Sir or Madame:

Who the hell are you?

I thank you in advance for your cooperation,

J Wilder Konschak, Former Duke of Milan

From: "Jennifer Wilkie" <j_wilkie@hotmail.com>
To: wilderworks@juno.com
Subject: Re: Memo from WilderWorks Productions
Date: Sat, 05 Aug 2000 22:22:48 GMT

This is all you need know—

Rios is a wild one. I too was on her track for a number of years. I now live in destitute solitude and curl up in a dark closet stabbing at my wrists with a butter knife...nightly. She has an inexplicable power, Ms. Rios does, beware I say, beware. I am keeping abreast of any advancements in your hunt for her. I too have the hunger. Octopi, like Dutchmen, numbers and toes, often travel in groups of ten, they are not lonely fellows so watch yourself... The Republican National Convention was a circus of sorts, wouldn't you say? It had my brow good and furrowed for days...thank the sweet Lord that's over.

Condolences,

Craig Kielburger (you will find my website if you search for me)'
Child Activist
Esquire
blah blah blah

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE
From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: Can you spell Clamydia?
Date: Mon, 7 Aug 2000 02:02:24 -0400

Agent Octopus,

I see that you have not responded to my last e-mail. I'm certain that you have received it, since I expect your secret-decoder boxer-briefs deliver e-mail transmissions to your pelvic outpost on a regular basis. This, after all, is a basic necessity for today's busy Secret Agent. Perhaps you did not respond because you were strapped to a tricycle on a collision course with 10,000lbs of dynamite. Perhaps you did not respond because I remain a low priority in your mind. Then again, perhaps you DID respond, but your transmission was intercepted by the underhanded behavior of one Mr. Craig Keilburger.

Craig Keilburger. Do you know this boy or man? Craig Keilburger. Do you know this so-called child-rights activist? Until days ago, I knew nothing of him, but I am quickly becoming all too aware of his existence.

Whether you know it or not, Mr. Keilburger has been reading the e-mails I've sent you. I hope this is because he's one of your agents, and not because he's gotten into your pants and stolen your precious data. That would be a serious breach of your personal security.

I can assure you that the security breach was not on my end. I type all my messages on a laptop beneath my bed, and send them via an illegal Mexican encryption code. No computer on Earth can crack that encryption without the aid of Cheech Maron, or another high-ranking Mexican agent. Once the messages are sent, I delete them, remove the laptop's hard drive, and beat on it with a magnetized golf club. So you can see, Craig Keilburger has not been reading them from my end.

I am not so upset that I am being spied on. I rather enjoy the attention. What upsets me about Mr. Keilburger's involvement is his perverted need to tip-off Cielo Rios. He sent her a Carbon Copy of the e-mail he sent to me, and she was not at all pleased to hear from him. Thankfully, I do not believe she yet suspects any wrongdoing on my part. I wrote her an e-mail, feigning ignorance, and I'm certain that any suspicions she may have had were extinguished.

Now, whether Craig Kielburger is an agent of yours, a former agent, or a deranged civilian wrapped up in something beyond his reckoning, he is a serious risk to your project. He himself admits to being emotionally unstable and incapable of coping with the enormous stress of pursuing a villain of Cielo Rios' caliber. Furthermore, he is also putting MY life at risk. I do not like having my life put at risk, especially since you've not yet accepted me as a commissioned agent. My life is amongst the most precious things I have, right beside my signed photo of Lucy Lawless (TV's Xena), and my hand-held Dirt Devil Vacuum. Because my personal safety has been compromised by this ordeal, I will from now on exist under the alias Dimetri Deabler, Russian Fish Sculptor.

In closing, please, tell me all you know about Craig Kielburger, or whomever this person is that writes me from j_wilkie@hotmail.com. More importantly, please seriously consider my offer to assist you in finding a final solution to the Rios question. I make a better friend than enemy, sir.

Yours Truly,
Dimetri Deabler

FROM PAGE 20

From: "secret admirer" <ckielburger@yourmom.net>
To: wilderworks@juno.com
Subject: you nasty little man
Date: Tue, 8 Aug 2000 09:13:51 -0700

Task Demeitre,

all I need now is for Octopus to know I'm on to him. Do you want me holed up in solitary in his dungeon in Zambia, is that what you want? Listen up...Rios is who I'm after. Octopus has long been after the fruit of Rios' loom...I mean womb.

I have to be in East Timor freeing some enslaved children through Wednesday...pray Demeitre tell not Octopus. There are thousands upon thousands of little workers who desperately need my help...and while their little fingers do produce finer quality garments...well, it's just not fair. You're not as cold-hearted as Agent 23 claimed you were...you can't be.

I'm getting all teary eyed...I need to grab a tissue...

I'm back.. composed...and ready to address that cruel accusation of yours that I, Super-Extra-Special Agent Kielburger am not emotionally stable. Please, sit Demeitre. Pit down that pick axe and stay a while. Sculptor indeed.

Octopus and I had a steamy, sexy, sordid, sultry, swell affair once. It must have been 8 years ago. Given I am but 17 years of age now. So you can imagine it was a transformative relationship for me. In Canada they often don't prosecute predators like Octopus.

Demeitre, I got away...
you must too.

I have something in the oven, actually, it's a Hamburger Helper casserole, delicious...I must run.

Have the decency to keep this between you and me...by the way, Octopus rarely writes back, it's a sick little way of making you want to hear more...shameful wouldn't you agree?

Kielburger.

Cordially,
Craig Kielburger

From: cielarios <cgr98@hampshire.edu>
To: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
Subject: Re: What is Essential.
Date: Fri, 11 Aug 2000 23:06:43 -0400

Dear Wilder,

Today I was nearly hit by an Albertson's big rig. Crushed, actually, by its rear wheels. I was called incompetent by accounts at work and I have started getting strange emails from some youth club about children.

I still have a Division One to finish. Eating makes me nauseous.
Are you this Kraig Kielburger kid? Your emails are very amusing.

Keep up the good work,
Cielo

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

From: Sebastian Rockenbach PHD <volatilechemicals@yahoo.com>
To: dimetreable@hotmail.com
CC: ckeilburger@yourmom.net, cielo_rios@hotmail.com, j_wilkie@hotmail.com, isadora_diablo@hotmail.com, wilderworks@juno.com, rasselmussen@hotmail.com
Subject: Fresh Brewed Cielopacino.
Date: Sun, 13 Aug 2000 19:15:06 -0700 (PDT)

Dmitri

At your request I did look into the chemical compound you have requested that I look into. I have looked into the Schmirnoff Affect, as you have requested I do, and I have made several steps toward a final answer to the query you proposed to me.

By harvesting DNA fragments from the drum-skin that you FedExed to my lab in Toronto, I have harvested many DNA strands from its primary user, Cielo Rios. Gaps in the Rios genetic-code have been patched with sequences that I harvested from a cemetery in Quebec. Your suggestion to harvest from a cemetery in Quebec was a good suggestion. I have done that, and I have patched the gaps in the Rios genetic code.

Therefore, as you did request, I have a living clone of Cielo Rios currently living in a jar in my lab. As you requested, the jar was filled with lime Jell-O, and the subject is surviving at a good rate of survival. Like you said, I never leave the jar alone. It is guarded at all times. I never leave the lab, like usual. The jar is in the lab, at all times, and is guarded by me.

As I was saying at paragraph one, I have also done many experiments on the compound you mentioned. With the clues on the paper you had stolen along with the drum you also stole, I was able to narrow down the possible components in the compound to 13,476 variables. It has taken me two weeks of testing, but I have come across the true components of the compound, and I have proven the Schmirnoff Affect to be proven. The compound can get an entire party drunk, and when administered as a topical ointment, the compound caused the flesh and bone of the middle finger of the Cielo Rios clone to evaporate into a gaseous compound which caused violent hallucinations when inhaled by test subjects.

I have prepped my crew to manufacture enough of the compound to sublime the entirety of biological matter composing the Cielo Rios clone. Tomorrow, we will attempt to eliminate the clone entirely. If the test is successful, I will send the chemical formula to you immediately after it is successful. I would now laugh maniacally, but I have a throat cold.

I have forwarded this message to those parties you informed me would be interested in learning this break-through. Thank you for the opportunity to take part in such an exciting matter. It is much more exciting than my job as a chemist for the Trojan Condom company. Thank you for that opportunity.

Thank you,

Sebastian Rockenbach, PHD.
Head Staff Latex Chemist,
Trojan Prophylactic Company.
Toronto, Canada.
volatilechemicals@yahoo.com

MORE ON PAGE 31

an irresistibly appropriate description of your situation. Losersville!

You must feel pretty darned crunchy right now, Franklin.

I have with me the individual classified by Doctor Sebastian Rockenbach as, "C-Rios Alpha Clone 1." She sends her regards via a stream of expletives. But allow me to explain how she ended up in the care of the WilderWorks Foundation.

Doctor Sebastian Rockenbach, upon learning he was soon to be slaughtered by Dmitri Deabler's Canadian Commandos, attempted to use the clone to defend himself. However, waiting for Dmitri's troops to arrive, she quickly bored of Sebastian's company (especially his forever bragging about the dependability of his DuraSheath latex condoms, even beyond 3000 miles) and so she sucked all his internal organs out through his eye socket, and then tore his limbs off and made a coffee table from his torso.

As everyone knows from watching television, female clones are always born nude, unlike male ones, who are made with bikini briefs attached; so how could I not notice a buck-naked weirdo standing on a street-corner in Toronto, dripping with Lime Green Jell-O, playing 3-card monty on a human-torso coffee table? These things might go unnoticed in New York or Los Angeles, but 3-card monty is strictly forbidden north of the border. She was ripping off some trusting Canadian schmuck.

So, of course, I pulled over, shot her with a tranquilizer dart, and tossed her in the back of my truck. When she woke up, I gave her a two-dollar bill, a super-bounce ball, a bag of Sour Patch Kids, and a Green Lantern Comic book. This pleased her some. But what really brought her to the side of justice, to the side of WilderWorks, was our mutual hatred for you!

So, your inflated pomposity has cornered you like the naughty boy you are. Now you face not only one Cielo Rios, but two, one of which (this one) is funded and backed by the amassed resources of the WilderWorks Foundation!

But I'll let C-Rios Alpha Clone One speak for herself. I'm turning the keyboard over now. (Excuse her typing: she only has nine fingers, thanks to the deranged experimenting of Dr. Sebastian Rockenbach).

Hello Franklin, C-Ros Alpha Clone 1 here. You can call me Gabrelle Puanan Ros. Let me warn you a the toughest thng you've ever seen. Il fuc you up soethng ferc. Sure, don't have a ddle finger, but t'll take a lot ore than that to stop e fro kllng you, you fucng prc.

Dan, who new a ddle finger was so portant? loo le a goddan retard! can't even refer to yself the frst person! f you thought was angry before, you cannot begin to agn how psseed have becoel arg! a glad dont know anyone by the nae !

She's too furious with you to continue typing. She also seems very upset about someone named, "Kim." Nevertheless, Gabrielle will soon be finished recovering from her ordeal in the lab, and she will be ready to team with her sister, Cielo, to destroy you.

My suggestion? Surrender now, Franklin. Swallow your pride, silence your thunder. Surrender, and hand over the secrets of your organization, including the Rockenbach-Schmirnoff Formula, and the answer to "what is the white stuff in bird shit?" Only then will you be al-

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Lots of love,
The WilderWorks Foundation
12:32 PM 8/15/00

From: "Cielo Rios" <cielo_rios@hotmail.com>
To: wilderworks@juno.com
Subject: You fools.
Date: Tue, 15 Aug 2000 20:57:44 PDT

Dear Wilder,

I regret ever having contacted you, it's not every day you meet a meathead agent. I'm not sure what kind of agent you think you are, but most know that the white liquid in bird shit is, in fact, urine.

Regretfully,
Bendar Bashir
signing for Franklin B. Octopus

From: J Wilder Konschak <wilderworks@juno.com>
To: cielo_rios@hotmail.com
Subject: Re: the saddest story ever
Date: Wed, 16 Aug 2000 02:59:52 -0400

No. That's bird shit too.

J Wilder Konschak, Former Duke of Milan



A MONKEY'S UNCLE

BY JENNIFER JYMM GIFFORD, COLUMNIST



THE FORWARD REVUE



Folk

Where have all the *Forwards* gone?
Gone to recycle bins every one.
When will they ever learn?
Oh, when will they ever learn...

The Classics {abridged version}

F is for my favorite and the
O is for "Oh my" the
R is for so righteous and the
W for why?
 {because we love you}
A is for not always
although they always try. Another
R's redundant! The
D is for survive
Forward! Forward! Forward!
You mean so much to me!

Broadway

Don't cry for me Hampshire College
The truth is I never left you
All through my wild days,
Red Flag submissions.
I kept Josh Crawford
Don't keep your distance

Hip-Hop

I like Michael Moore
And I cannot lie
You other hippies can't deny
When I find his stuff
Surfing all over the place
And I need to fill some
space
I get sprung.

